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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

THE GRAIL OF LIFE

AN ANTHOLOGY ON HEROIC DEATH AND IMMORTAL LIFE

THIS volume by JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *Minister of the Community Church of New York; author of "Readings from Great Authors," "New Wars for Old," "Life and Letters of Robert Collyer," etc.; and* LILLIAN BROWNE-OLF, is a rich harvest of literary testimony on the eternal subjects of life, death and immortality. The compilers have made exhaustive search of ancient and modern sources, and have brought together a carefully chosen collection of notable passages from poets, philosophers, scientists and statesmen. All familiar and well-beloved selections have been included; many that have long since been forgotten, or neglected, are here restored to light and use; and a liberal gleaning has been made from recent literature, especially that produced by the Great War. This is the first Anthology which has been prepared on these great subjects.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES—LILLIAN BROWNE-OLF

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXIV THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1919 Number 13

THANKSGIVING.

Now gracious plenty rules the board,
And in the purse is gold;
By multitudes, in glad accord,
Thy giving is extolled.
Ah, suffer *me* to thank Thee, Lord,
For what Thou does withhold!

I thank Thee that howe'er we climb
There yet is something higher;
That though through all our reach of time
We to the stars aspire,
Still, still, beyond us burns sublime
The pure sidereal fire!

I thank Thee for the unexplained,
The hope that lies before,
The victory that is not gained—..
O Father, more and more
I thank Thee for the unattained—
The good we hunger for!

I thank Thee for the voice that sings
To inner depths of being;
For all the upward spread of wings,
From earthly bondage freeing;
For mystery—the dream of things
Beyond our power of seeing!

Scribner's Magazine. —*Florence Earle Coates.*

These are dark days—but there is light amid the gloom. For there are still those who care for freedom, still those who will not look upon injustice without protest, still those who are ready to endure all things for the love and service of mankind. We might well have been discouraged yesterday if there had been none to bear witness against the War. We might well be discouraged today, if there was none to lift voice against the abominations which are the aftermath of the War. But there were a few yesterday, as there are a few today, who set their faces steadfastly against wrong; and this is all that any age has ever had. For only here and there have there been hands brave enough and strong enough to lift the torch of truth. But never yet has the torch fallen into darkness. Always, when one hand has been palsied, there have been other hands to seize and raise the precious flame. God, in other words, is in his world, and there are those who serve him. And, for all the horror of our day, these servants were never before so numerous and so courageous, and the torches they carry never before borne so far aloft. There is no reason to be discouraged so long as recruits stand ever ready for "the noble army of martyrs"; for it is by such "faith divine," says Lowell, that "the golden beam" is slowly but surely made to "incline to the side of perfect justice."

Much of our despair over the world comes from our failure to look at things in perspective—to judge things from the standpoint of "the long run." It is as though, on the mountain-path of human progress, we kept our eyes fixed on some little stretch of ground leading downward into a narrow gully which must be crossed, and thus lost sight of in the long sweep of the ascent to the summit on before. We must hold always the far view—the view of the road behind which has taken us up out of the valley, the view of the road ahead which leads us onward to the heights. Theodore Parker had this idea of perspective in mind when, using another figure of speech, he said, in one of the noblest of all his utterances: "The arc of the moral universe is long, but it bends toward justice."

Signs continue to multiply that Americans are essentially an hysterical people. We wonder if there are any other people anywhere who are so subject to hysteria as we are. During the War we were like madmen. We saw German armies landing on our coasts, German ships blockading our ports, vast fleets of German airships laying waste our cities. All about us were German spies, plotting to poison our food, blow up our bridges and viaducts and undermine the morale of our troops. Far-flung conspiracies were being planned by German-Americans for the overthrow of the government, and the capture of forts and munition factories. If a servant girl spoke German, she was a spy; if an orchestra played a German symphony, it was putting over pro-German propaganda. That there was occasion for vigilance on the part of the authorities, goes without saying; that there were some dangerous persons about, must be taken for granted. But that there was a situation of peril corresponding in the remotest degree with the terror felt and the cruelty practiced, is now known to be absurd. We were hysterical, that is all! And now, behold, this crisis passed, we again find ourselves in the midst of another crisis more hysterical than ever. "A state of nerves," the New York *Evening Post* calls it. How otherwise, indeed, can we describe the current public excitement over the "reds"? If reports are to be credited, we are at this moment on the edge of a civil war. Millions of persons have suddenly been converted to anarchy and are plotting gigantic conspiracies of riot, massacre and revolution. Organized labor is in dire peril of being captured by these "Bolsheviks," and thus enlisted in the ranks of rebellion. Hence, injunctions, martial law, raids and seizures, deportations, imprisonments and lynchings! If we go behind this reign of terror, however,

what do we find? A condition of unprecedented social unrest, easily understandable as a concomitant of the War and its aftermath; a determination on the part of organized labor to accomplish some fundamental reforms in the industrial world; little groups of radicals studying and advocating long familiar doctrines of syndicalism and communism; and the few desperate criminals thrown to the surface by every great upheaval of the social deeps. What we need today is not hysteria, madly wielding the two-edged weapons of repression and violence, but commonsense, patience, exact justice, much goodwill—and a police vigilance normally consistent with the perturbed conditions of the times.

It may be poor comfort when only two judges out of the nine on the Supreme bench dissent from a decision affirming repression of speech and press. But any kind of comfort is welcome these frigid days. Hence the satisfaction we feel in reading the minority opinion of Justice Holmes and Justice Brandeis in the Mollie Steimer case! Like a blast of cold, pure air through the poison-laden atmosphere of a pesthouse are such sentences as the following: "As against dangers peculiar to war, as against others, the principle of the right to free speech is always the same"; "Congress certainly cannot forbid all efforts to change the mind of the country"; "Nobody can suppose that the surreptitious publishing of a silly leaflet by an unknown man would present any immediate danger that its opinions would hinder the success of the government arms or have any appreciable tendency to do so." As a rebuke to the hysteria which has been afflicting America ever since the outbreak of the War, this dissenting opinion is invaluable. As a restatement of the rights and limits of free speech, it indicates a welcome recollection of certain standards and ideals which we thought for a time had disappeared forever. Justices Holmes and Brandeis have long been regarded by all liberals as the most enlightened members of the Supreme Court. In this case they have fully sustained their enviable reputation.

Deliberate deception is rapidly becoming a settled policy of the American press. The influence of the War, and of the governmental policy of official propaganda, has done its work well; and as a result most of our newspapers are thoroughly corrupted. Not to tell the truth, but to hide it—not to state the facts, but to twist them, distort them, camouflage them to the service of some preconceived idea—this is now the regular practice of some of even our most reputable journals. The Russian situation which prompts the desire to discredit Bolshevism at any cost of truth and honor, might furnish innumerable illustrations of this proposition. A conspicuous instance has recently occurred in New York, in which the wrong is so flagrant and so easily exposed, that it appears almost incredible. Into the midst of the discussion of the transit problem in that city, there was launched on November 16th a notable pamphlet written by an expert, Mr. Delos F. Wilcox, and signed by a formidable committee of citizens. This pamphlet advocated public ownership of street and subway lines as the sole solution of existing difficulties. "We propose," were its words, "the formulation and persistent advocacy of a transit program, having for its end the comlete municipalization of all rapid transit, street and bus lines in New York." At the same time, in a spirit of perfect candor, this pamphlet pointed out the obstacles in the way of the fulfillment of this policy, and the evils which might accompany it; and followed this with an elaborate discussion of how these obstacles might be overcome and these evils avoided. Now certain newspapers in New York are bitterly opposed to municipal ownership. How did these newspapers present the news of the publication of this important pamphlet? The *Times* and the *Tribune,* both journals with great reputations to sustain, may be cited as instances. In the *Times* appeared the headlines, "See many dangers in city ownership; Wilcox Committee cites politics and inefficiency as likely to grow up; debt limit an obstacle; admits hardship of traction lines with inelastic fares and mounting cost . . . ." Then followed a column and a half of reading matter, setting forth the obstacles in the way of public ownership; at the end appeared the statement: "In conclusion the report says that all of the obstacles . . . could be overcome provided that the legislators united in a proper effort for the purpose." The *Tribune* headed its story with these phrases: "Twelve obstacles in way of city owned transit; objections to municipal acquirement of all lines enumerated in pamphlet favoring that solution; many new laws needed; also an amendment to the constitution." Then followed a column summarizing objections to the plan, with only the briefest reference at the end to its advocacy by the pamphlet as a whole. This is journalistic dishonesty; it is a deliberate endeavor to deceive the public. It is one more illustration of the social menace of the newspaper.

We have been deferring comment on the action of the recent Unitarian Conference at Baltimore, until a full report of proceedings came to hand. Nothing has reached us, however, as yet. Meanwhile, we cannot longer postpone our endorsement of the remarkable resolution on industrial democracy which was adopted by this Conference. In setting forth industrial democracy as "involving a conception of industry as a co-operative enterprise," in which "the partners," capital and labor, shall share not only "the rewards and risks," but also *"the control"* of their

"common undertaking," this resolution goes farther than any other that we have seen emanating from a religious body. It marks, indeed, so great a change in the Unitarian state of mind on this question, that we are tempted to wonder if the delegates knew what they were doing when they used this word "control." But this is an unworthy suggestion! Let us accept the resolution as it stands—a noble statement, prophetic perhaps of the happy day when the Unitarians will lead as effectively on social, as they long have led on theological, issues.

The acceptance by Dr. John Herman Randall of New York of the call to become associate minister with John Haynes Holmes and Harvey Dee Brown in the work of the Community Church in that city, is one of the most significant events in the religious world today. It was last January that Mr. Holmes definitely withdrew from Unitarianism, in order to enter as an entirely free man upon the development of the community church movement in his parish and city. Now, in less than a year, one of the most distinguished orthodox ministers of New York, a man long known as a leader among his people, resigns from his pulpit and withdraws from his denomination (the Baptist), in order himself as a free man to co-operate in the furtherance of the idea to which the Community Church has committed itself. Seldom has a new movement, in so short a space of time, won such allegiance, or given such evidence of vitality. Here are liberal and orthodox agreeing to abandon old standards and beliefs, and meeting happily together on a new and common ground of spiritual endeavor. It is a stirring spectacle, especially when it is remembered that Dr. Randall's allegiance is not merely that of a single man, but of a group. For Dr. Randall brings with him to the Community Church a large number of followers, who will help to make this institution one of the largest and most powerful churches in New York today.

The Community Church and the Denominations

Central to the whole conception of the community church, as a new idea of religious organization, is the relation of this church to the existing denominations of the Christian world. In order to understand what this relation is, it will be necessary to indicate some very clear distinctions.

(1) Thus, in the first place, it must be pointed out that the community church, in its ultimate and logical fulfillment at least, cannot be *denominational.* There may be certain institutions, like "The Community Church of New York," which represent a process of development out of the old into the new, and which for ethical and legal reasons must retain for a time their former sectarian connections. There are other institutions, like "The Community Church" in Danvers, Massachusetts, which represent an amalgamation of previously existing churches—in Danvers the Unitarian and Universalist—and which find it advisable, through an interim period at least, to hold on to old allegiances. But no newly organized community church would ever think of such a thing as accepting a denominational connection; and these older churches, which are the result not of creation but of evolution, look forward to the time when, as a result of organic changes both without and within, the denominational bond, like the stitches in a surgeon's wound, will be automatically absorbed, and the whole system of religious life become integrated anew. For the community idea represents a fundamental contrast, or "break," with the denominational idea, which makes permanent adjustment impossible.

The denominational church—Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Unitarian, or what not—is organized on the basis of individual belief. This belief may refer to a theological doctrine, or a form of worship, or a theory of salvation; in any case, it is distinctive of certain individuals who on this particular point agree among themselves and disagree with everybody else. The denominational church exists for the sole purpose of holding these individuals together and at the same time apart from the rest of the world, first in order to preserve their especial faith inviolate from corruption, and secondly in order to furnish a center of propaganda by means of which the ignorant or deceived may be converted to the truth, and thus saved. The essence of denominationalism, therefore, is separation; the work of the denominational institution is inevitably that of exclusion and division. This was most manifest, of course, in the old days, when the whole destiny of a soul through all eternity was held to depend upon the acceptance of a certain creed, or the recognition of a certain ecclesiastical authority. This meant intolerance and persecution, practiced in the highest sense of duty. Nowadays, we take these theological matters much less seriously; or rather we have learned to shift the spiritual emphasis from orthodoxy as intellectual conformity to virtue as moral attainment. We can look at our brethren in other churches with little or no desire to ostracize them, being well content, quite apart from all questions of dogma, if they move with us on the same general plane of moral life. Nevertheless, our churches still divide men theologically instead of uniting them ethically; for these churches represent the old alignments of the past, and not the new hopes and visions of the future. In so far as they have any influence at all today, our denominational institutions still exist for the perpetuation of differences in theological opinion or eccesiastical practice, and thus

for the separation of men, otherwise united in the common interests of the common life, into groups mutually exclusive on the basis of arbitrary standards of truth and error.

Now the community church represents everything that is antithetical to this idea of division. It does not ignore theological differences; on the contrary, it is insistent that truth is as great an ideal in the field of religion as in the field of the natural sciences, and that the search for truth inevitably involves differing opinions. But it is insistent, also, that the ideas which sever one denomination from another today are purely traditional, representing nothing that is vital in any modern sense; and that, in any case, as truly yesterday as today, such matters of belief or opinion have nothing properly to do with religious organization. The church, as the social embodiment of religion, must seek not to divide men, but to unite them—not to hold them apart, but to join them together. This fact has been recognized with ever growing clearness in recent years; and progressive churches and leaders have striven earnestly to attain the end of spiritual unification. More and more they have minimized the theological dogmas that divide, and magnified the ethical interests which unite. They have broadened out, or watered down, their creeds, until little that is recognizable of the original militant platform of faith has been left. They have seemingly tried every possible device for finding a common ground upon which all men may stand and work together in things religious—and all the while have ignored completely the one ground upon which they are already standing and working together as "members one of another," namely, the community of which they are all citizens! It is this which the community church recognizes and undertakes to glorify in terms of the spirit. In contrast with the existing denominational institution, the community church approaches the individual not as a believer, but as a citizen, and seeks to organize him with his fellows on the basis of this citizenship which they share in common. Not identity of faith, but community of interest and need —this is the foundation of spiritual life, and on this the community church would build its structure. Differences of belief will not be ignored or suppressed—on the contrary, they will be encouraged as a necessary condition of seeking and finding truth. But these differences will be relegated to the individual mind, where they belong, and thus banished from the church organization, where they do not belong. The church, properly speaking, is the spiritual expression of a people's life, as the state, for example, is the political, and ultimately, we hope, the complete social, expression of a people's life. In the one case as in the other, the place of the individual in the community—that is to say, his citizenship—is the condition of organization. Which means that the church, exactly like the nation, is inclusive and not exclusive. Any can enter who will; a citizen in the community is by that fact alone qualified to be a member of the church. For all men are spiritual beings, as all are social creatures, and the true church coincident with the social group.

The community church, therefore, in its true estate, cannot in the nature of the case be denominational. The thing is as impossible as that a city should ever be made over into a private club, or a nation become identical with a political party. What we have in the one case is a fellowship of all men in the common life of the spirit; what we have in the other case is the isolation of a few men in the sectarian life of dogma. It is manifestly impossible that reconciliation between these two conceptions of religious organization can be achieved.

(2) Secondly, as the community church cannot be denominational, so also should it be emphasized that it cannot be *inter-denominational*. Federation, as the organization of separate groups, on the basis of principles common to them all, and for the accomplishment of certain work of interest to them all, is now the favorite method of advancing the cause of Christian unity, and ending the scandal of sectarian division. Thus, there was organized, more than a decade ago, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Today, as a consequence of the War, we have the stupendous Inter-Church World Movement. And in many societies established for certain special purposes, like the Anti-Saloon League, for example, we have a highly successful grouping, or federating, of existing churches in efficient service of great and good causes.

Now that this system of federation marks an advance over the old idea of indiscriminate and oftentimes bitterly hostile competition between the sects, goes without saying. It is also a manifestation of a new and genuinely religious spirit moving in the hearts of men. Furthermore, it marks one very familiar and in certain respects efficacious method of ending antagonism and fostering goodwill and co-operation. But it is timid and half-hearted, where the principle of community organization is thoroughgoing. Worst of all, it tends to perpetuate the very evil which we are seeking to destroy, and which we know must be destroyed if religion is to survive. For the condition of federation is the recognition of existing denominations as separate and independent groups, entitled to equal privileges and jealous of equal rights. Inter-denominationalism, as the term itself clearly indicates, is nothing more nor less than a phase of denominationalism. It is denominationalism broadened, expanded, emancipated, touched with generosity—but it is in essence denominationalism, all the same. In other words, the inter-denominational movement is only a modern sanctification, in the name of efficiency and respectability, of the old evil of

division. It is an attempt so to purify the old system, that men may, in ignorance or indifference, tolerate it a while longer. Now, such business is as far removed from the community movement as east is from west. For the community church rejects denominationalism altogether. Not even in its "inter" form will it recognize or use it. Rather does it choose to penetrate straight to the heart of the problem, and, by recognizing as vital not the sectarian division but the social bond, establish spiritual unity in the one way that is genuine and permanent.

The community church, therefore, has nothing to do with the conspicuous inter-denominational movement of our time. This movement for the moment holds the center of the stage. It is the last hysterical struggle of the churches to maintain themselves on the present basis of organization. But it is doomed to speedy failure. It contains the seeds of its own decay. For in this age of waxing democracy, the community is the sole unit of social and spiritual integration. It is upon this fact that the community church stakes its life; and therefore, among other things, ignores of no permanent consequence the passing phenomenon of inter-denominational federation.

(3) The community church, as we have seen, is neither denominational nor inter-denominational. For this reason, however, it must not be thought that it is *anti-denominational.* The community church is not "anti" anything but hatred and division. It is true that it cannot recognize denominations as valid expressions of religious idealism, or even as efficient instruments of religious service. It cannot take their names, or become organic parts of their ecclesiastical systems, or serve any one of their separate and distinctive purposes. But the community church can, and does, recognize each denomination as a group of human beings—or, better, as a group of fellow-citizens—seeking, by methods however mistaken, the attainment of moral and spiritual ends; and with each denomination, so understood, would join in fraternal co-operation. If there be any member of these sectarian churches who seek, as Methodists or Presbyterians or Congregationalists, to affiliate with the community church, the denominational name or allegiance would not in itself stand as a bar to entrance. If any of the existing churches are willing to associate with the community church in forms of public service, such association would gladly be received and answered. Under no circumstances would the community church undertake to antagonize or oppose denominational institutions, or try to break them down, or even compete with them for membership and influence. It looks forward, of course, to the happy time when all sectarian divisions will be merged in the one universal church of friends and fellow-citizens; but so long as there are denominational churches supported and loved, it regards these as expressions of contemporary community life, and as such to be respected. In fact, even under the most ideal community conditions, in any future which we can now contemplate, it is probable that there will be certain groups of people who will prefer to keep by themselves and worship God in their own way. Such groups the community church will not attack but rigidly protect in their isolation, believing that in the future, as in the past, freedom will be a necessary condition of the common life.

For one thing is always to be remembered in this connection—that the community church movement is not a movement looking toward the establishment of another denomination. If this is its purpose, or tendency, or inevitable result, it were better that it were ended right now, than continued by so much even as another hour. In other churches there may be room, and excuse, for what Channing called "creeds, intolerance and exclusion," but not in the community church. This must be nothing hostile, competitive, apart. It must be the friend of all, and the enemy of none. Wherever there are men, it would meet them, know them, work with them. Unceasingly it will labor for the union of these men, and all men, in that community of ideal interests which lie deep in every human heart. But if there are those who would seek their own ends in their own way, so be it! They are brethren still, to be helped and not hindered, loved and not despised.

(4) The true term to be applied to the community church is not denominational, inter-denominational, or anti-denominational, but simply *undenominational.* The community church is outside the denominational field altogether. It puts the whole world of men on a human, not a theological, basis, and approaches religion strictly from the social as contrasted with the ecclesiastical point of view. If denominational names are to be recognized and used, it must be by others than members of the community church. If sectarian divisions and barriers are to determine action, it must be action of which the community church knows little, and cares not at all. What the community church sees is men, striving to solve the problem of living together—of establishing the common life. What the community church believes is that this problem can be solved only on the basis of that "one spirit" which is the possession of no single class, or nation, or race, or church, or group of any kind, but of all men together. What the community strives to do is to bring that "one spirit" into consciousness, and make it the life-center of that vast all-inclusive organism which is humanity. The "fellowship of souls," as William Morris calls it, the "beloved community," to use the phrase of Josiah Royce—this is the world of idealistic endeavor in which the community church functions; and in this world, of course, there are no denominations. "For in one spirit, we

were all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether bond or free." All of which means, in our modern vernacular, that the community church is undenominational!

The importance of this fact is so great that it may not inaccurately be described as constituting a new epoch in Christian history. Denominations have for so long been a part of our spiritual life, and the picture of the Christian world, as divided into separate sectarian groups is so familiar, that we find it difficult to conceive of a church as existing altogether outside of this ecclesiastical realm. Such a church, somehow or other, does not seem to be a church at all; we miss the type-marks which distinguish social institutions, as well as biological species, from one another. And yet is it probable that the community church, just because of its refusal to be classified in denominational categories, is more truly a church, in the highest spiritual signification of that great word, than any other religious institution which could be mentioned. Indeed, there are many who believe that, in the community church, we have for the first time a safe embodiment of that pure religion of the spirit which prophets have proclaimed, and for which martyrs have died, in every age. If not, it marks at least a long step forward in the progress of religious idealism toward the one great goal of universal humanity.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

SYMPATHY.

Is the way hard and thorny, oh, my brother?
  Do tempests beat, and adverse wild winds blow?
And are you spent, and broken at each nightfall,
  Yet with each morn you rise and onward go?
Brother, I know, I know!
I, too, have journeyed so.

Is your heart mad with longing, oh, my sister?
  Are all great passions in your breast aglow?
Does the white wonder of your own soul blind you,
  And are you torn with rapture and with woe?
Sister, I know, I know!
I, too, have suffered so.

Is the road filled with snare and quicksand, pilgrim?
  Do pitfalls lie where roses seem to grow?
And have you sometimes stumbled in the darkness,
  And are you bruised and scarred by many a blow?
Pilgrim, I know, I know!
I, too, have stumbled so.

Do you send out rebellious cry and question,
  As mocking hours pass silently and slow,
Does your insistent "wherefore" bring no answer,
  While stars wax pale with watching, and droop low?
I, too, have questioned so,
But now I know, I know!
To toil, . . . to strive, to err, to cry, to grow,
To love through all—this is the way to know.

Literary Digest. —*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

CONTRIBUTED

Major Prophets of the New Christianity

No. VI.

FATHER MCGLYNN.

It is not easy for those who maintain that the Catholic Church is always backward, to explain why it was that the first preacher in America to see the opportunities in democracy for a Christian leader to direct civic activity in the right direction, and to act upon his vision and seek to direct such activity, was the Catholic priest, Rev. Edward McGlynn of New York. Several years before Prof. Ely of Wisconsin, Dr. Gladden of Cleveland, or Rev. W. O. P. Bliss and Prof. Stuckenberg of Boston, began to challenge the churches to seek to apply the teachings of Jesus to political and economic problems, this brave People's Priest of New York was issuing the same challenge. Religion first awoke to its modern trend in the political and economic life, in 1886, when Father Edward McGlynn, who had been a prophet preaching an anti-poverty crusade since reading Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," called together in his rectory, the friends of Henry George, to formulate a campaign to secure support for the George candidacy for mayor. Such men as Louis Post, Daniel DeLeon, Ernest Crosby and William McCabe met at that conference. I know of no braver act ever performed by a clergyman in America than the act of Father McGlynn in taking up the cause of Henry George. According to George's own words he recognized he had no chance of election, but the plan was "to raise hell with New York politics." New York was a Catholic city, attempts at reform it knew nothing about, but the brave far-seeing priest was ready to go against the existing welfare of his church, against the safe, sane and respectable people, to champion the cause of a prophet of righteousness who was daring to issue a call to blot out poverty. Hewett received 90,000 votes, Henry George about 70,000 votes and Theodore Roosevelt 60,000 votes. The powers of great wealth and intrenched privilege reached Rome and Father McGlynn was admonished, but the work was done—the brave priest had challenged the real followers of Jesus to enter the realm of political and social reform; by his brave initiative he had made it easy for others to follow; a new teacher of note in the Christian Church had arisen in America; henceforth the pastors who took their work seriously must face the question of their duty toward movements for political righteousness and social reform. No mere narrow vision was that of Father McGlynn, he was not knocking at the edges of the social question by asking laws further restraining the selling of liquor and observing the Lord's Day, he went right to the root of the problems of humanity —*poverty must be blotted out,* it was against the fundamentals of the faith of Jesus Christ that New York City could exist, with great wealth and luxury on one side and poverty and sin on the other, and the pastors of Christ's Church remain silent. We begin to see this, but in Father McGlynn's day none saw it, or if seeing dared not speak. As Edwin Markham says in his poem, "Where others only dreamed of love—he crammed his doctrine into deed." I am a sincerely religious man, I get real help in worship-

ping in the church—of all men who have ministered in the name of Jesus as pastors in churches since the days of the apostles I can think of no one in whose church I would so soon be a communicant as Father McGlynn. Though a Protestant pastor, were a Father McGlynn living today I would gladly become a Catholic. Brave, sincere, far-seeing, the pioneer preacher of the church's call to the crusade against poverty, Father McGlynn marked an epoch in American religious life, and is one of the few greatest religious teachers of America. I make the words of Markham's poem my own:

I never heard your voice, great Priest,
  Yet felt afar the might of it;
I knew your face was toward the East;
  I felt the morning light of it.

Your love of Justice was a flame
  That lit your world with gleam of her;
You fought for Justice in the Name,
  Where laggards only dream of her.

To love and lift was all your creed:
  Child-bold you went the way of it;
You crammed your doctrine into deed,
  To bring the golden day of it.

Hero, you saw the truth and dared
  In that immortal hour of you:
Because you held no good unshared,
  The world still feels the power of you.

ROLAND D. SAWYER.

George Eliot

This is the day for the laying on of wreaths. Our souls are tuned to heroes; to seers and prophets. Such times are Selahs in history and it is good for us to pay tribute to the Lantern Bearers of the race, for to them must we give thanks for whatever illumination our paths have.

This woman—George Eliot—to whom we pay homage now was born a hundred years ago!

"Has she lived as long as that?" ask some.

"Has she only lived a century?" question others. But that she *lives,* some dispute. To what extent she does so, was partially answered by a librarian at the New York Public Library.

"There is always a steady and good demand for the Eliot works," I was told, "marked by spurts." These spurts, upon investigation, were found to be caused by lectures and study courses in colleges and schools.

"An introduction to George Eliot always awakens or creates a desire for her books."

There is always, to my mind, one great reason for the undying quality and that is—Truth!

If a person, a picture or the written word has an appeal beyond the narrow limit of its birth, it is because it is truth materialized, and each generation turns to it in order that it may get all the light possible on—Truth.

George Eliot turned, at a time when such as she was rare, the light of her great genius on certain aspects of Truth that were, in her day, largely overlooked because of prejudice, superstition and sex discrimination.

Clearly realizing the errors and injustices of the period, this quiet woman with a wisdom born of inspiration, did not waste her substance in combatting conditions, but donned the camouflage of a male name and sallied forth to wage battle.

So successfully did she accomplish her ends that for years few suspected the fragile hand in the steel glove. Dickens sensed the note, new then in literature of that kind, and wrote:

> Had I been left to my own devices, I would have addressed the writer as a woman. I have observed what seemed to me such womanly touches.
>
> If they originated with no woman I believe that no man ever before had the art of making himself mentally so like a woman since the world began.

Jane Carlyle felt the woman touch but Thackeray emphatically asserted that "Clerical Scenes" "were not written by a woman."

So, secure to all intents and purposes in her disguise, this woman wrought among men to the end that she might serve the world.

Very early in her life she wrote to a friend, "My only desire is to know truth, my only fear to cling to error."

Thus, spiritually equipped, she slowly emerged from the inheritance that was hers by birth to that which was equally hers by divine right.

She was humbly born. So natural does it seem for greatness to evolve from this source that the mighty have a big handicap if they aspire to immortality. But humble as the foundation of Mary Ann Evans' environment was, it was composed of all the sturdy virtues and was cemented with a good father's mentality, a delicate mother's keen wit and her own burning imagination and superb sense of justice.

Because of her affection and tenderness for her own she slowly relinquished any belief of theirs—she dreaded inflicting pain. Only when a question became a matter of principle did she act. Her soul always outran her mind, but it never escaped!

This undoubtedly accounted for the lateness with which George Eliot entered the field of literature; it also accounted for her sure touch. While she sifted truth from error; while she loved—she learned and when she spoke it was with an assurance that sank deep into the public mind.

To what extent George Eliot influenced woman's thought is impossible to estimate, for her art was so subtle, her approach so gentle. Undoubtedly her own passion for truth and justice guided her thought, selected her subjects, but so fine was her touch, so broad her humanity, that where most she felt there did she deal most generously.

Only a short time ago a group of young college boys read aloud Adam Bede. One of them told me that no other book had ever so impressed the ideals of social purity upon them, and I think I can understand the reason. In that tragic story of Arthur and Hetty, George Eliot deals with the evil in an almost sexless manner. She shows sympathy and pity for both man and woman; she sets the great Wrong forth for both to view, impartially, and neither one nor the other is conscious of the author's sex.

But no one is left in doubt as to the injustice, the misery that the Wrong entails.

And this is equally so in "The Mill on the Floss." This book, Leslie Stephens feels—especially the first half—is the high water mark of George Eliot's genius. If this is so, it is undoubtedly due to the fact that, added to universal truth, there was the concrete understanding of the author of Maggie Tulliver's problems and sufferings.

Stevenson asserts that no woman can write of men without occasionlly suggesting combs in the backs of

their heads, but in spite of this men do read George Eliot and find in her books much to respect and revere.

Still, I believe it must be the woman's hand that lays the wreath upon George Eliot's brow.

Women must see by the light of this genius their sisters in a true perspective. They must see with gratitude how the weak Hettys and the strong Maggies have struggled to a safer plane since the vision of George Eliot led them to hope.

And she has taught us tolerance. She who suffered so intensely for her own beliefs, shows no bitterness, but on the other hand respects the beliefs of others.

"She was always anxious to see the best and the most noble qualities of human beings" and the spirituality that marks the best of her writing is explained by her husband when he says: "In all that she considered her best work there was a 'not herself,' which took possession of her, and that she felt her own personality to be merely the instrument through which this spirit was acting." That something "not herself" was the Eternal Truth, and since it was made manifest in George Eliot she can never die.

HARRIETT T. COMSTOCK.

General Smuts on India

General Smuts, the recently appointed Premier of South Africa (who has a large knowledge of India and the Indian people), in an address delivered August 26, 1919, paid a glowing tribute to the civilization of India, which he referred to as "much older than that of Europe." "I do not look down on Indians," he said, "I look up to them." He spoke in terms of especially high praise of the Maharajah of Bikaner, "a personal friend," and of Lord Sinha, one of the "ablest men" he had ever known. He said, "I strongly supported the granting of army commissions to the Indians. When it was pointed out that there might be a possibility of Europeans being placed under Indians, I replied: 'Why not? I would be proud to serve under an Indian officer if he were an able man.'" General Smuts declared unequivocally that "India ought to be given a large measure of self-government."

And yet in face of such testimonies as this (and there are hundreds of others like it) Great Britain persists in treating the Indian people as uncivilized, and refuses to grant to them as a nation any self-government at all. In local affairs she gives them a very little, but in national matters absolutely nothing. Not a rupee of the taxes of the nation—taxes paid by themselves out of their poverty—are they permitted to control, even for purposes of education or sanitation. In everything political they are treated as things, not as men. And this in the twentieth century!

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

A prophet is a man who sees things too soon. His picture is true in outline, but false in focus. The mental atmosphere in which he lives is so rarefied that he does not realize how far away the mountains are, and he expects humanity to climb them while it is yet on the plains.

They who foretold the golden day of Internationalism mistook a bright star for the dawn, and they did not see the thick darkness between. There will be dawn and a golden tomorrow.

EDWARD A. STEINER.

From "Sanctus Spiritus and Company."

CORRESPONDENCE

[This remarkable letter, written during the Railroad Strike, comes as a personal communication from a friend in England, a public man. It presents so marvelous a picture of the present world situation—so exact a spiritual diagnosis of our time—that we feel impelled to share it with our readers. —J. H. H.]

. . . The (railroad) strike is a symptom of a diseased and disintegrating social life. The simple fact, of course, is that, so far as Europe and this country are concerned, we are living in the last hours of a fading and falling civilization. The war was the culminating wickedness that made modern industrial and capitalistic civilization finally unfit to survive. The handwriting is upon the wall and the old order of life perishes. No power in heaven or earth can prevent the downfall or rebuild the shattered fabric. We are bidding adieu forever to the form of civilization, with all its greatnesses and all its sins, which brought us up. Unrest, strikes, troubles here and troubles there, are symptoms, results, not causes, of disintegration. The *Zeitgeist,* the spirit of the age—call it what you will—is bent on vast and radical change; the habitation of industrial civilization no longer serves its needs. The cycle of evolution has rolled downwards. At the moment, as the scientific men would say, the katabolic and not the anabolic forces are dominant. The economic determinism of history, about which that extraordinary genius Marx said so much, and the more important *spiritual determinism* of history, the remorseless and inevitable logic of human life and human action work to the same end now. The civilization built up during the nineteenth century, with how much blood and tears God and the heart of the people know, and with not a little splendor and majestic pride and greatness, is over and done with. "Our little systems have their day and cease to be." That is the truth of the moment. And, spiritually, we are taking it very badly. Disintegration in the external forms; demoralization in the inward heart. I should think there never was a time when mankind was so utterly lacking in vision, faith and principles. Our morale has gone:

> We are here as on a darkling plain
> Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight
> Where ignorant armies clash by night.

For the voice of reason and goodwill we listen in vain. The one and only appeal that tells is the appeal to force and violence. Opportunism is everywhere the only order of the day—opportunism, the resort of minds that are destitute of principles and of imagination, and of hearts that are blind to faith and charity. Men act without knowing *why* they act, destitute of an aim. The one motive behind opportunism is the mere brutal instinct of self-preservation; the process of economic change becomes a mere brute struggle between powers each one of which believes that in order itself to survive it must reduce the other to subservience and exhaustion, and the struggle is to be conducted along the lines of crude strategical warfare and military necessity that knows neither law nor love. We are busy transplanting the warfare recently waged between nations into the soil of our internal life, and we fail to discern that the result in the latter case is bound to be as vain and inconclusive as in the former. *Of course* in all this we are only reaping the inevitable harvest. Capitalistic civilization depended on *class* dominance and *class* subjection: *class* war was inherent in it. Necessarily in the disin-

tegrating stages that fact emerges startlingly into the light (or gloom) of day. I do not think we can blame any individuals or groups of individuals, unless it be those to whom the old regime gave opportunities of culture and education and vision, and who ought now to be the first to realize the deepest truth of the situation and who ought to be preparing the necessary economic and social changes, and above all the necessary spiritual reactions, which might make the transition from an old order of life to a new relatively peaceable and reasonable. But, in the largest struggle of all, that between Capital and Labor, it looks as though the capitalist had determined to fight, and cared about nothing else but fighting. That means war all through. Personally I have not the slightest doubt as to the final result of that conflict. The forces of resistance to radical change may win this battle and the next and the next after that, but a battle is not a campaign, and the final defeat of capitalistic civilization cannot be put off forever. Change, radical and revolutionary, will win in the end. The awful danger of the situation is that the victory when it comes may turn out to be hollow and vain—it may be a victory achieved only in utter and irremediable chaos. The world of the victors will be a solitude, a devilish wilderness, from which victors and vanquished alike will be glad to seek escape in suicide. We fight for life and the right to live and in the process destroy every possibility of living beautifully and well. Oh, miserable race of men! Not only so; the possibility just touched upon may be exaggerated, but this which I now say is a certainty. If, as seems likely to be the case, the transition from old to new is to be made by violence and by the road of war, then the concentration of men's energies—such energies as they still possess—on the *actual struggle* itself in its varying stages, in its fluctuations and desperate efforts, will inevitably *prevent* them from preparing for that, whatsoever it be, which is to follow the struggle. You take my meaning? We have an all sufficient analogy in the great war itself. Then the energies of the combatants were so absorbed in the battle that they had no will and no power left over to look ahead and make ready for the cessation of the strife. They *could not* prepare for peace—with what result? Circumspice! We know only too well. We bewail a peace which is a mockery. Need one draw the moral? We shall make the revolution—sure enough! Conceivably the road of making it by violence may stop short of hopeless chaos, and on the morrow of the revolution we may find ourselves, as we found ourselves at the conclusion of the European war, in a world not wholly destitute of possibility, but even rich in hope and promise. And what then? We shall not know what to do with the possibility before us because we have been so absorbed in the violence of reaching it that our minds are destitute of constructive ideas. For my own part I fear the morrow of the revolution much more than I fear anything else. A people that has secured the possibility for economic change only through a long process of embittered economic strife will be a people wearied and a people unprepared to rise to the level of the opportunity and the demand of the hour; it will also be a people lacking the bare necessities of existence. And there and then will be the chance for the devil again; finding the chamber swept and empty, he having been cleared out through the door will creep back by the window bringing others as bad as himself. Through default of constructive ideas, through absence of vision, through lack of moral idealism, mankind may all too possibly begin on the day after the revolution the Sisiphyean labor of building again the form of civilization it had overthrown. Though life itself may desire new forms, the will of man, unenlightened by cultivated ideals, and subjected over a long period of struggle and violence to the instincts of self-preservation and conflict, may be unfitted to rise to the occasion. (Compare the concluding chapter of Anatole France's "L'Isle des Penguins.") I suppose it is the highest duty, again, of the intellectuals, and particularly of the church, to remain "above the battle," as they ought to have remained above the other. The struggle, I conceive, *must* go on; there is little hope of avoiding it, and I am afraid small chance now of ameliorating its violence; but somewhere in the world there ought to be men and women making ready for the hour of statement and release, keeping the fires of moral idealism alight, preparing constructive plans and policies, maintaining faith, vision and principles, and getting ready to take hold of the reins of social life in the hour of triumph and possibility. With regret I confess that I see no prospect of the churches in this country at any rate discharging such a function! They seem more likely, and more *fitted,* to go down in the debâcle. So be it!

Well, I seem to have expanded into a social document—wearying you. Nor, I am afraid, do I sound particularly cheerful. But I do not want you for a moment to think that I am hopeless about things. I am not hopeless. I am confident that the hour of earth's greatest failure may be also the hour of heaven's most conspicuous success. Nor can I feel the situation to be depressing, as I did during the war. On the contrary, it is absorbingly interesting, fascinating, exhilarating. Half my time I cry gladly "the night is far spent, the day is at hand." Half my time I tremble for the days that are to follow the great change. And for the rest, so far as in me lies, I strive to make heard the voice of Reason and Goodwill, and to preach the full gospel of Jesus Christ which I believe to be the only power of good and the only wisdom of God unto the salvation of men. . . .

GOD'S HANDIWORK.

Oft in a reverie of brooding peace,
  I search the skies with myriad beauties wrought,
And wonder if those orbs their rounds shall cease,
  And how they shine, so radiant, though untaught.
Each thing below moves in the self-same way,
  Obedient to a law omnipotent;
The shadowy birth of each successive day
  Is an expression of Divine intent,
And the translucent hue of day's decline,
  Crimsoning pale heaven with its rose-red light,
Is penciled by a hand and mind Divine,
  And is harmonious in the God-head's sight.
Oh! man, how wondrous is God's handiwork,
What glories in his vast creation lurk!

MARCUS TAYLOR ANDERSON.

SELECTED

EXPERIENCES IN RUSSIA
III.
Mr. Goode's Journey to Moscow

[After my first unsuccessful attempt to reach Moscow, I determined to make my own arrangements, since I had failed through leaving everything in the hands of the Finn who had led the expedition. Mr. Keeling came to me at Reval and asked to accompany me. I therefore sent a telegram by wireless to Moscow asking for the acceptance of myself for the *Manchester Guardian,* Mr. Keeling for the *Westminster Gazette,* and a Dane, whose business I described. In the reply I was accepted, further information concerning Mr. Keeling was requested, and the Dane refused. The required information concerning Mr. Keeling was sent by radio, in which I urged his acceptance, and stated that we should start immediately together for Pskov, making our way to Ostrov, as it was important we should travel in company. We accordingly set out, and by long arguments with staffs I got him as far as Velikie Luki, at which place he was ordered to remain, while I was told to leave for Moscow, taking with me his written statement of credentials, on which the Bolshevik Foreign Office would decide concerning his future movements. It was not until I recovered partly from an illness from which I was suffering when I arrived that I was informed that he had been refused and had been reconducted to the frontier.]

I pass over the first part of the journey to Moscow —up to Pskov,—which I have already described in the account of my first attempt to reach the capital. At Pskov we sought out the Esthonian Commander. He was courteous as usual, but when in course of conversation he recognized me he became keenly interested and promised to do all in his power. While we were talking Colonel Puskar, Commander-in-Chief of this Eastern Army, came in and joined in the talk. I had been his guest at Wöru on my visit to the Esthonian front, and he knew me again at once.

Our difficulty was that a strong fight was going on across the line by which we proposed to enter Russia. However, the Commander promised to send us in an automobile to his farthest outpost, Strychkova Station, with instructions to the battalion commander there. We therefore returned, made up our luggage and food-packs, got into the auto, which waited while we ate a shallow and unsubstantial meal, for which we paid 300 roubles, and drove off at a furious pace along the great chaussée towards Ostrov.

This frenzied ride came to an end in our being stopped by a Russian officer and piloted by side-ways to the very station we were seeking. The commander came to us, but after a few minutes suggested we should go to his quarters and thus escape the curiosity of the peasants. On following him through the station we found a long train on the line, one portion armored, with stores and ammunition wagons—a very serviceable camp on wheels. Two coupés, thrown open, were his quarters, and there we, he, the Russian and his young wife sat and discussed the situation. A stiff fight was going on ahead, we could hear the firing, and as a portion of the line was held by the North Russian Corps he dared not let us pass until he had got in touch by telephone with these and had made sure that we should not be fired upon at sight.

On the top of the ridge we found the outpost, a number of young Russian soldiers, and the end of a field telephone. We were promptly searched for arms, and then allowed to drop our packs and squat on the ground to rest, while the leader telephoned to the battalion headquarters. He tried to 'phone the contents of one of our papers, but not very successfully. In the end he gave us two guards, who helped us with our luggage, and sent us across country to headquarters. This meant another tramp through fields and marshes as long as the tramp on the chaussée, though the last portion was made a trifle easier by two farm carts which were commandeered at a village. All the time we had been walking the fight was going on around us, and during this last portion the whizzing of Esthonian shells over our heads was added. By the time we reached Gusakowa, the muddy village of the H. Q., it was quite dark. We were taken to one of the hovels, utterly noisome, conducted up a rickety stair to the living room, where were the commander, the commissary, a number of men, and the family, the place dimly seen by the light of a tiny lamp. They offered us no food until the commandant, who went out to telephone to Ostrov, returned saying that we should certainly break our necks if we went on to Ostrov that night, and that we were to stay in Gusakowa and leave in the early morning. We then got a glass of tea and some bread.

All too soon we were routed out in the morning, and after a hasty cup of milk and a piece of black bread we started off on two farm carts, springless plain boards on which a heap of hay had been thrown, across country by the accommodation dirt road, through village after village, to the main chaussée to Ostrov.

We were held up in Ostrov for many hours, first to talk with the commissary, next with the brigade staff, which was located there. There was no difficulty about me. The former telegram of "Laissez passer" which had arrived too late to stop me from recrossing the frontier still existed, and in addition I had now papers which ensured that no further hindrance would be offered to me. It remained to secure similar facilities for my companion, and I exhausted myself in arguments with the staff on his behalf. After long hours of waiting, wrangle, and debate the end came, as always, with startling suddenness. Passes were made out as far as Velikie Luki. When we got there we had a long interrogation to endure, long arguments to hold, and again I pressed with every reason I could produce for full permission for both of us to continue our journey. Finally I was taken down to the telegraph-room and talked with Moscow, getting a decisive reply that I was to go forward on the morrow and take with me all the papers and credentials of my companion, who was to stay in Velikie Luki until these had been examined and a decision formed.

From the staff we went to a Soviet house, i. e., a former hotel, where a bar-room was given to us, and we made from our supplies a scrappy meal. Then trouble began. Mr. Keeling discovered to our horror that his real credentials had either been lost or left in Reval. The position was desperate. After our long and successful argumentative bouts it looked as if he would fail just at the finish. But he decided to make a statement in writing, and he wrote for some hours a statement, all of which was sealed up on the morrow by the commissary without my having seen it, and handed to me to take to Moscow. There was no help for it. We both recognized that this was the only course to adopt, and in the morning, after wait-

ing a long time for the one samovar of the establishment to travel in the direction of our room, we made a rough breakfast and then divided our food and other supplies.

Hoping to see my companion, Mr. Keeling, in Moscow in some 48 hours, I left for the station in charge of an invalid Lett but recently out of hospital. I took the train for the capital. The journey lasts some fourteen hours, and they were a sorry time for me. I was really ill, and my Lettish companion, though helpful, was not much better, and we were both glad when the city hove in sight, he to be rid of his responsibility and I that I might perhaps rest.

I went from the station to the room which had been allotted to me. All hotels have been nationalized and are now used as Government offices or apportioned as homes for Ministerial employes and other workers. A number of great houses have also been commandeered and used in the same way. It is quite natural, therefore, that the Soviet, in whose disposal all accommodation rests, should have fixed a room for me to live in while in Moscow.

I had visited Moscow twice before, and was familiar with its appearance and life. My first impression, then, as I crossed the town was bound to be a vivid one. It was more—it was bewildering. I had expected to find evidences of great destruction and a crushed and cowed populace. I certainly did not find the Moscow of my last visit, but I found life going on in an ordinary commonplace way, street markets flourishing, large numbers of people in the streets (the population has increased by 25 per cent), tramcars running, with loads of people hanging on to any excrescence that would give hand and foot hold, and on this first occasion no evidences of destruction. That came later when I went freely about the city.

Then I discovered streets where the façades of the buildings were chipped by shot, windows pierced by bullets, the holes mended by plaques of glass, in some cases with paper, and at the bottom of one of the boulevards a *carrefour* which was a mass of tumbled brick and ruin, while a row of tall houses on one side was nothing but a skeleton of gutted brick and stone work. This was the result of the rising of the Social Revolutionaries in June last year. But on the whole the destruction was very small when the huge size of the city and the scenes that have taken place there are taken into account.

Churches and monasteries are intact. The Basil Cathedral and the glorious Church of the Redeemer are as splendid as ever; so is the Troitzky Monastery and the Tretiakov Gallery. One thing strikes strangely. The old glitter of the shops is gone. Most of them are boarded up and give a queer, desolate appearance to the line of the streets. But in many cases this was voluntary, since there were no goods to sell. And others were closed by the Soviet when stocks ran low and profiteering of a pestilential kind began in the remaining stocks. These were then commandeered and distributed from the Soviet shops, which are of all kinds and are found in every district. Their number is so large that queues do not exist except when certain goods—boots, stuffs for clothes—are sold on cards on days that have been previously notified and from specified shops. There are Soviet tea-houses and restaurants, but some private ones are still open at speculative rates. And a number of small trades which it would not pay to nationalize at present are still in the hands of private persons.

In fact, the socialistic and individualistic forms of distribution go on side by side, since it is not the practice of the Soviet to embark on nationalization of anything until everything is ready for the complete change. Theatres and concert halls are fuller than ever, the workers now having the best chance in the distribution of tickets. But the famous ballet and the still more famous Art Theatre have been left untouched, and for the ballet school special regulations have been made allowing promising aspirants to enter at an age much below the age legally fixed for beginning work. Concerts of excellent music are maintained, and the cost of entrance is small, and theatres for children are run gratuitously in seven different parts of the city every Sunday afternoon.

I missed the Alexander statue in the Kremlin and the Skobelef statue in front of the old Hôtel de Ville, and was informed that they had been carefully dismantled, and would be set up again in a museum, and I noted the efforts of the Soviet in the direction of monuments. The Skobelef statue is replaced by a really imposing monument by the sculptor Andreef. It is a triangular obelisk mounted on a three-sided pedestal, with curved sides, fronted by a splendid posed female figure with uplifted and outstretched arms. At the foot of the figure is a tiny rostrum from which Kamenev and Lunacharsky made speeches to the huge crowd below at the unveiling ceremony, which I walked to see. On the boulevards the Soviet has placed monuments of famous Russians, some meant to be permanent, others temporary. They are of very unequal merit, and some of them are in a style too ultraprogressive for my taste. But the appeal of the eye is evidently studied.

It may be imagined that as I took in all this my astonishment grew. But one thing made that even greater. I mean the order and security which reigned in Moscow. I have crossed the town on foot at midnight without fear of molestation, accompanied only by a lady with whom I had been to a concert. And again and again I was told by those whose work took them out at all hours of day and night that the security is absolute. And there is no street lighting at night. There are police and armed military in the streets, but they are not greatly in evidence, and only twice in a month did I see them arresting anyone—once for an infringement of the laws relating to street selling and in the other case for creating a disturbance.

Open prostitution seems to have disappeared, and, though there are still beggars, the pest to which I was subjected in 1911 is greatly modified, and I understand that steps are to be taken to cause its complete disappearance.

"Moscow is a dead city," said to me a man in a town on the way to Kieff, which I visited. That seems to me to be too strong a statement. There is plenty of movement, plenty of noise, but on the whole life is greyer in tone, duller in flavour, than in the Moscow which I knew a few years ago.

Manchester Guardian. —*W. T. Goode.*

News from Europe

Education in Russia and Britain.

It is interesting to note that while it is being suggested in England that educational expenditures be reduced, the Russian Soviet government has decided that all illiterates between the ages of seventeen and fifty must learn to read and write within six months or suffer a reduction in their rations. Two hours are to be set aside from each working day for educational instruction.

Paris Workers' Resolution.

At a recent meeting of delegates of all Paris unions called to commemorate the anniversary of the institution of the Russian Republic, the following order was unanimously adopted:

The Parisian workers protest against the infamy of the bourgeois governments, who are combining to assassinate a people who will rule themselves. Having heard the reports of the heroic sufferings endured by the Russian people for two years, in liberating themselves and giving us an example of what the popular will can do, we spit our contempt in the face of all governments who are starving a people who wish to live freely.

We have decided to put today into force decisions taken at the Congress of Lyons, whereby we refuse to help any transport of goods or ammunition for the armies fighting the Russian revolution—and we will agitate with all our power in defence of the peasant workers of Russia.

"How Did the War Arise?"

This question is asked by *The Nation,* London, in an article which deals with the startling revelations in Lord Fisher's book, which contains the frankest references to pre-war activities that have been published. *The Nation* says:

It is by no means certain that the best intentioned men knew what was going on. We have yet to be convinced that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was fully informed as to the conversations between the French and British officers. We are certain that neither he nor Mr. Asquith could have been apprized of Lord Fisher's designs to "Copenhagenize" the German fleet and land a British expedition on "the Pomeranian coast, under a hundred miles from Berlin," without a declaration of war. According to Lord Fisher, who is, we are sure, a witness of truth, he, the First Sea Lord, fully communicated these designs to King Edward, "sketching out" to His Majesty a plan "to seize the German fleet when it was so very easy of accomplishment," that is to say, when the two nations were in a state of peace with each other. "The project," says Lord Fisher, "was damned." Who damned it? We have a great respect for Lord Fisher's genius as a man of war. If nations must slay each other, he, and such as he, are the men for the job. But his proposal was an outrage, and if the King omitted to inform his Prime Minister of the contemplated crime, he grossly misconceived the part of a constitutional monarch. King Edward had no right to dabble in diplomacy on his own or to give Lord Esher, or any hanger-on of the Court, a left-hand commission in it. He should never have received Lord Fisher's communications, and he should have put Lord Fisher in his place when he made them. And if he knew, as he should have known, that Germany had wind of them, and that as a consequence the relations between the two countries were much disimproved, his omission was worse still. Lord Fisher praises Mr. McKenna. Did Mr. McKenna know that the First Sea Lord had contrived and thought out a felonious attack on a friendly power? He can have known nothing of the kind. The inference is that, so far as foreign relationships were concerned, the governing system of the years that preceded and made the war put the real power in the hands of the naval and military *camarilla.* Their plans for the increase of national armaments were accepted with slight cavil, and they did not scruple to interfere in policy. They were the wheels within wheels; the secret within the secret. They governed England, France, Germany, Russia. And in due time their process of government led Europe to her ruin and consigned millions of her boys to an untimely death.

Asquith and Liberal Policy.

Mr. Asquith has made a definite though limited statement of Liberal policy to the London Liberal Federation, mainly to the tune of economy. He made, however, a useful distinction between destructive and reproductive expenditure, the latter of which, including housing and education, must, he said, continue. He again called for the cessation of the war, which is no war, with Communist Russia, on the ground not of its cruelty, but of its expense and inconsistency with the Liberal doctrine of non-interference in other peoples' concerns. On taxation he promised a middle course. He favored a tax on war profits, and suggested an inquiry into the general subject of a capital levy, its equity, practicability, and effect on saving.—*The Nation, London.*

Feeding the Famine.

An editorial in the *Manchester Guardian* deals with the question of the delivery of German milch cows:

Under the Peace Treaty as it stands 140,000 milch cows are to be handed over by Germany to France and Belgium as one of the first fruits of the coming into force of the treaty. There is hardly anyone who does not realize what a ghastly addition to the existing famine in Central Europe this cession of cattle will make, and how the weight of it will fall almost entirely on the unhappy children of Germany. All evidence is agreed that it will mean an enormous increase in the infantile death rate. Two British memorials have therefore just been presented to the Reparation Committee in Paris begging for a postponement of the delivery of these cattle, and their message would be endorsed by thousands of British citizens whose views the signatories to the memorials may well claim to express. They have suggested that American cows should be bought with German money in order to discharge the debt of cattle as defined by the treaty; and in the end all that the *Times* can find to say about this suggestion is that it "needs to be carefully scrutinized." Have the memorialists demanded anything more than this from the Reparation Committee? And is it possible to scrutinize this alternative without postponing the delivery of the German cattle, that, with the ratification of the treaty, might be demanded almost immediately? When the proposal is being carefully scrutinized it would be well to bear in mind one or two facts that have more to do with common sense than either humanity or justice. One is that 60,000 milch cows, specially selected in America, are at present being exported to France; so that cattle are available from the New World. Another is that, on the showing of the British Government's own inspector of the food shortage in Germany, the German cattle have been reduced by the shortage of foodstuffs to a most inferior class of beast, with only half the average pre-war yield of milk per head. If anyone prefers lean kine to fat simply because the lean have been wrung out of a defeated foe and at the price of innumerable infant lives, there must be something seriously wrong with their heads as well as their hearts.

"The Bullitt Mission to Russia."

"The Bullitt Mission to Russia" is the title of a book which comes to us from the press of B. W. Huebsch. Our readers will find it very interesting. The testimony given by Mr. Bullitt before the Committee on Foreign Relations of the United States Senate throws a searching light upon many questions of our policy. Mr. Bullitt's letter of resignation to the President is to be found here, together with Lenin's peace proposal and Lincoln Steffens' report on Russia. Mr. Steffens' report, coming from one who knows Russia, and who has been there several times since the war began, sheds much needed light upon the political and industrial failures and successes of the Soviet government. It is, perhaps, the simplest, clearest and most unbiased statement that has been given to the public on this subject.

H. S. N.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

A CRY FROM TRANSYLVANIA.

The Christian Life prints the three following letters received by one of their ministers:

LETTER I.

(From Hungary, written in September.)

All Unitarian and other liberal Christians should be informed all over the globe that the funeral service of faith and knowledge, of liberty and life, is begun in the Transylvanian part of Hungary. The Roumanians do not respect international laws and customs; they have no time or patience to await the final decision of the Peace Congress with regard to Hungary or Roumania. The atrocities and barbarities committed in Transylvania, and further on as far as the river Tisza (Theiss), approach those committed by the Bolshevists, and even surpass them in many respects.

From one town, let us say, Kolozsvár, already several hundreds, and perhaps thousands, have escaped since the Roumanians came in; and now not less than twenty thousand are ordered to leave their homes, property, and relatives. They announce that those who have been living in the town since 1914 must look for a place elsewhere; and yet a surprising number of such as were born there or have lived there for at least twenty years received warning to leave within eight or ten days. Railway carriages were ordered for them, but so many are crowded and forced together that almost no luggage can be taken with them. What follows then? They have to sell their things for a trifling price, almost for nothing. This shows that they have to lose, not only the savings of a lifetime, but their life too.

Perhaps still more shocking is their heartless cruelty and un-Christian barbarity committed at Déva. The Unitarians raised a fine memorial stone there, and it was consecrated in 1910 by hundreds of English, American, and other Christians, to the memory of Francis Dávid, the martyr bishop of the sixteenth century. The memorial stone tablet, with the inscription, and the whole place was broken in pieces, thrown out, trodden under foot by barbarian soldiers, and not a single trace is left.

We call upon all Christians in the world, and all who consider themselves as such, to judge whether a nation which has no respect for the sanctuary of so many Christians all over Europe and America is worthy to be looked upon with any consideration. And is there no power to stop such fearful damage done to everything dear and holy to men?

LETTER II.

(From a Hungarian abroad, September 16th, 1919.)

I have received similar cries of distress from various quarters, all pointing to the unheard-of behavior of the Roumananis. Their pillaging and their execution of respectable citizens overshadow anything heard of during the war about Prussian atrocities. How much longer are the Allied and Associated Powers going to tolerate the Roumanians' abuse of their good name by claiming to be one of them? Under the very eyes of the Allied Commissions in Budapest every possible pressure is being brought to bear on unfortunate Hungary to conclude a separate peace with Roumania, thus frustrating any readjustment that the principal Powers might decide on in Paris.

Unless prompt and efficient action is taken it is to be feared that the leading Powers of civilization will expose themselves to the same reproaches as were cast upon the Germans for having tolerated the atrocities of their Turkish allies. While, in fairness to the Roumanians it must be said that they have not resorted to wholesale massacres as yet (though whole families have been lined up and shot), we have implicit faith in the conscience of our Western brethren finding sufficient cause for becoming aroused by the cruelties which their Oriental allies have already committed.

LETTER III.

(From Hungary, September 1st, 1919.)

Many hundreds who held some position in the town are ordered to leave the place within ten days, with their families. This is chiefly because they tried a ballot, and failed, because ours are in an overwhelming majority, ninety-one per cent against nine per cent. I am told that they have counted in all the soldiers and others whom they brought with them. They reckoned them as ordinary inhabitants, which they are not, and even then they could not reach more than seventy-five (?) per cent. This new trick is meant to correct the result before the final settlement would be made in Paris.

The circumstances over there are getting more and more desperate. No newspapers, no letters, no messages are allowed through the Roumanians' military front. It is very hard to get on here. Everything is horribly dear, and very poor food is to be had. During the time of Bolshevism our life here was in the greatest danger. God knows how I escaped. You heard very likely how many they killed, men and women and even young ones, simply because they were Christians and did not belong to their camp.

We are most eager to come under British protection, for even the worst form of that would be a perfect blessing compared to this. You know we have stood for culture and progress on every line. Here and now nothing is permitted. A minister dares not give consolation to his audience as he would wish. The members of a family cannot come together for dinner in the same place.

We had a Normal School in each congregation; and, to make instruction more perfect in two-thirds of them we came to an agreement to give up the school to the State, together with all its belongings—buildings, teachers' lodgings, playground, garden, etc.—on condition that the teacher should always be Unitarian and be at the service of the congregation as organist and assistant to the minister, for which services he gets a certain salary from the congregation. It was most plainly stated in each case that all rights should revert to the Unitarian Church if under any circumstances the Hungarian tongue should cease to be used as the language of instruction, etc., etc. Now, unfortunately, we are coming to that state of things, but who is there to give force to the law? Who will come to see that the rights of four hundred years' duration are respected? It is only the British Empire that can do this. There was always a very deep feeling for England in Hungary, but never greater than at present. Now the time has arrived, of which the British Ambassadors of the sixteenth century wrote, when Europe must pay the debt she owed to Hungary for saving her from the Turkish invasion.

One further consideration may be urged. Now is the time when Christendom has to save a nation from perdition —a nation which was surpassed by no other, during the long period of a thousand years, in maintaining and propagating rights for every one who wished to make progress. Show me one ruling nation which, like ours, allowed settlers to preserve and use their mother tongue in church and school.

I have found it an excellent thing to follow the reasoning of the country boy who found the lost horse, and, asked how he did it, thus explained his success: "Why I thought if I was a horse where would I go? And I went there and he had."—*Carolyn Wells.*

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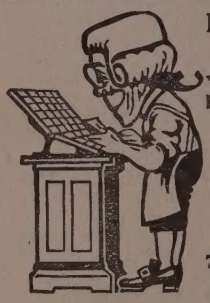

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